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NOTES ON AMERICA.

BEING

TWO LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE

The Gresham Institute,

In December, 1884,

BY

COURTENAY C. PRANCE.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following pages were written for the Lecture Room, in which pretentious disquisitions—statistical—and a less conversational style would have been out of place.

I had no thought of their subsequently appearing in an abiding form.

But the Local Newspaper having given a very full report, and kindly offered, before distributing the type, to reprint it as a Brochure, I willingly accepted the suggestion.

C. C. P.

Hatherley Court,

Christmas, 1884.

"MY AMERICAN NOTES."

LECTURE BY MR. C. C. PRANCE.

Mr. Courtenay C. Prance, whose letters addressed from America to the *Evesham Journal* a few weeks since were read with so much interest, delivered on Tuesday evening, at the Evesham Institute, the first of two lectures entitled "My American Notes." The audience present evidently appreciated Mr. Prance's able and entertaining address, and it is hoped that yet more will attend the second lecture next week.—Mr. HERBERT NEW, president of the Institute, having briefly introduced the lecturer,

Mr. PRANCE said: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, when your committee did me the honour to ask me to occupy this desk and give you some outline of my recent visit to America, I was at first inclined to reply in the negative, for I felt, and indeed still feel, the difficulty of compressing into brief papers so large a subject; and I felt and feel that America is too beaten ground, that there is little of novel or strikingly interesting that I could bring before you. If indeed "in my travels' history," I could speak to you, as did Othello to poor Desdemona, not only of "Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven," but also "of the cannibals who each other eat, the anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," then I might hope that you would "with a greedy ear devour up my discourse." But I have no such wonders to narrate to you, though I did, it is true, see and hear and talk with Greeley and Ray, the heroes of the late American Arctic expedition, of whom men whisper strange and awful tales in connection with their famine and grievous privations.

I reflected, however, that every man sees the same thing with different eyes. And it may be that some of the great, or beautiful, or unaccustomed sights I have seen, described as they appeared through my spectacles, will suffice to while away an hour pleasantly. Their narration will at all events show that I have not lost my interest in this institution, of which I was in former days a constant member. (Applause.)

Without further preface then let me hasten into my subject. The

VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

is in itself so important an undertaking that it may not be amiss to say a few words upon it. The steamship which I selected for both my voyage out and my return was the nearly new vessel the "America," belonging to the National Line. She is built of steel in a yacht shape. She admeasures 6,500 tons, of which 2,883 are appropriated to cargo. There are 96 state-rooms all on the main deck, and 300 berths. She is licensed to carry 300 steerage passengers, and as she had above 300 first-class passengers, 280 steerage, and about 200 officers, seamen, and servants, we were quite a large floating village. She has 13 water-tight bulkheads, and carries life and other large boats, supposed to be sufficient for the entire number of people she is licensed to carry; also a life buoy for every soul on board. She had only made two voyages out and back to New York when I went by her, but had already proved herself one of the fastest vessels on the sea.

In going out, and in coming home, I experienced one day of storm. On those days I was obliged to confine myself to my berth, and to try to forget, in one of Capt. Marryat's novels, the commotions outside and inside my unfortunate person. But the other days I managed fairly well, escaped sickness, and regularly put in an appearance at the breakfast, dinner, and luncheon tables. The truth is that these American liners are so long and so stable sea-boats that nearly the whole of that pitching motion (which is so horrible an experience, so dreadful a recollection, in, say, the Dover and Calais boats) is done away with. The America rides upon two waves at once, and often in her splendid saloon (nearly 30 feet high, upholstered with gilding, rich velvet, ample mirrors, and coloured glass, and flooded with the brilliancy of some twenty electric lights) one quite forgot that we were 1,000 miles from land, and with only a thin sheet of metal between us and death.

The feeding was excellent and most abundant. There was a well-selected library of several hundred volumes, open to the passengers, two bath-rooms, a music-room and piano, with numerous fair executants upon it, and a deck, clean and unincumbered, that made quite a long promenade. The voyage out therefore was very agreeable, and was accomplished in the short space of 6 days and 18 hours, though we had the misfortune to break one screw of our propeller when five days out. The ship sometimes went 20 miles an hour, and one day made above 450 miles—a speed this almost without parallel.

AMERICAN ROADWAYS.

Having thus safely landed at New York, and having been dealt mercifully with by the Custom House officers, I rattled off in a cab to my hotel—the Brunswick. I use the word “rattle” advisedly, for the whole transit was a series of jumps, jolts, jingles, tumblings and tossings; and one felt happy to be at last safe on the hotel steps without broken head or bones, though for this lively drive of less than three miles I had to stand and deliver about 6s. 6d. English. Cabs are dear everywhere in America, and roads bad nearly everywhere. I had passed in this drive through some of the principal streets of New York, including Broadway and part of the celebrated 5th Avenue. But the roads are pitched with huge stones, and are decidedly inferior to the second-class streets of a third-rate English town. This early experience I found repeated in every city I went into in the United States, Washington excepted. In Washington is a great deal of capital asphalted roadway and excellent side pavements. But in other cities our English macadamised road seems nearly or entirely wanting. Often the public street is nothing but the natural soil, apparently without any attempt having been made at any time to coat it with stones; and the side walks or pavements are not infrequently mere planks put side by side. This, indeed, is always the case in new cities and in the outlying parts of old cities; consequently at times the mud is so deep that it is absolutely impossible to pass from one side of the street to the other except at crossings, where side streets debouch and where planks are laid down for the traverse by foot-passengers. The most striking specimen of this which I saw was in Winnipeg. There, speaking without exaggeration, the main street, two miles long, was one quagmire of black, sticky mud, a foot deep. I brought some of this mud home with me on my clothes and portmanteau, which I had vainly tried to brush off. And if I had been unfortunate enough to get into it bodily I might have been sticking in it still. To avoid this catastrophe one went always in street cars, for which a hard track has been laid, with the usual metal rails. I must add, however, in justice to the Winnipeggers, that they have a difficult soil to contend with, are alive to their plight, and were pegging away with meetings and letters to their papers to get improved or metalled roads.

But if the streets of America are bad, the

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND SHOPS

are very fine. Taking the shops first; these as a rule are larger, more lofty, and of more architectural pretension

than even our London establishments. I was much struck with this, for in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other similar towns rents are higher and land more valuable than even in London. Yet, notwithstanding this, I saw drapers, upholsterers, general salesmen, in fact all shops and all counting-houses, with an amplitude of space, light, and air which would be deemed foolish extravagance or a hopelessly to-be-longed-for boon in London, or in even smaller cities, and I was constrained to speak to some of the American tradesmen on the subject. While this may be taken as a general rule there are, over and beyond these shops, immense blocks of buildings, similar to the Louvre in Paris, or Whiteley's at Paddington, monopolized by a single establishment. These great stores rise seven or eight stories high, lifting their proud and ornamental fronts to the very heavens, and covering a wealth of merchandize and a crowd of busy assistants which are marvels to look upon. I observed, however, that all the best shops were filled with English and French goods, and they paraded the fact that they were of foreign manufacture as an additional recommendation to their customers. This I particularly noticed in regard to caps and hats, gentlemen's under-clothing, hosiery, and clothes generally, Sheffield cutlery, and a multitude of things sold by grocers—Cross and Blackwell, Burgess, Colman, and even Huntley and Palmer, are as familiar names in America as in England; and in not one single hotel did I ask in vain for the sauce of our Worcester neighbours, Lea and Perrins. It is everywhere.

The goods in these stores were more expensive than in England. Of course one would expect this on English articles, to the original cost of which required to be added long carriage and a heavy import duty. But apart from this I found all things dearer in America than in England, and the working men must take this into his calculations when he reads of the high wages of the United States. I may add *en passant*, as a further caution to the intending artisan emigrant, that in many trades work is almost at a standstill during the winter months; and that these months of enforced idleness are longer than with us, varying from nearly six in parts of Canada, to four and three months in the United States. Employers, too, seem to have much less compunction in discharging their hands for whom they have not immediate occasion than in England. It therefore follows that if the high wages of summer be set against the low wages and scant employment of winter, the working man is hardly better paid than he is at home, and has besides dearer house rent, clothes, and other necessities.

To return to

NEW YORK.

Situate at the head of a deep and land-locked bay, and with a splendid river frontage on each side of about fourteen miles, it is eminently suited for a mercantile city, and the energy of its inhabitants, supplementing this by an interior river and canal system, has secured for its countless wharves and warehouses a large proportion of the import and export trade of America. Among its important buildings are its capitol—managed and planned post-office; several fine churches and places of worship—chief of which must be put the Catholic Cathedral of St. Patrick, built of white marble in the Gothic style, and the Jewish synagogue, with a gorgeously ornamented interior—also the New Court House, and the marble City Hall. The 5th Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman House, and several other hotels are palatial and remarkable structures; and the clubs, Produce Exchange, Cooper's Institute, Aston Library, St. Luke's Hospital, with the offices of the "New York Herald" and "Tribune," and the grand Central Railway Depot reward attention. Depot, by the way, is the universal American name for what we call the railway station.

But the three things in New York that are most distinctive are the Central Park, the elevated railroads, and Brooklyn Bridge.

CENTRAL PARK

any city in the world might be proud of. It contains 843 acres, through which run nine miles of carriage drives, and about 25 miles of walks. There are two large ornamental waters in it, and upon one of these an elevated and imposing terrace of considerable architectural merit, flanked by carefully cultured gardens and sweeping paths, looks down. It is decorated with tropical plants and flowers, and becomes, as it were, the eye and centre of the Park, the focus of fashion. For from this terrace runs "The Mall," on each side of which is a trim-kept velvet lawn, sacred from the profanation of human foot, where at fixed hours the band plays, while the adjacent carriage roads are filled with dashing equipages and "trotting buggies." A *tout ensemble* is thus produced which in some respects excels Hyde Park and the Serpentine.

But what specially distinguishes this park from our English ones is that its surface is naturally more varied and broken, and so far as practicable the natural features, and wildness of the place have been preserved. In particular there are thirty-six acres known as "The Ramble," which is one thick copse threaded by foot-paths, but otherwise as wild and sylvan as your woods.

at Lenox or Buckland. It is to be noted too that this park and every other park or square in New York is without any iron or other boundary fence. It is remarkable how this trust of the people is responded to by the people. The busy citizen or the careless boy, say in Union-square or Madison-square, at the very heart and centre of the city, where time is most valuable, not cutting the shortest way across the turf to the other side, but confining himself religiously to the asphalted, though curving and longer footpath, and never plucking the really fine flowers which grow there day and night unprotected from depredation.

THE "ELEVATED ROADS"

are four railways which are carried on pillars some 20 feet high through some of the principal streets of New York. I suppose there are 50 or 60 miles of this rail. The trains, composed of steam engine and carriages of ordinary kind, run every three minutes, and the fare for any distance is 5 cents, or about 2½d. A double line of rail is thus supported in the air. When the streets are wide the usual carriage and cart traffic can go on outside this superstructure, and then the effect is not so bad. But when the street is as narrow, say, as our Bridge-street, the columns stand in the gutter. Then the street traffic goes on below the rails between these columns, while the track itself somewhat overhangs the pavement. It follows that in these narrower ways all the light is taken from the shops. The streets are dull and unpleasant to walk in, and the railway carriages move just on the level of the first floor windows, giving the passengers a complete view of all that is going on within, whether it be sitting-room or bed-room. One would call a house spoilt for residence or trade that was so blocked and overlooked. But, as I mentioned in a letter I sent during my tour to the *Exeter Journal*, no one so injured got a sixpence of compensation. It is openly said that the money that should have compensated injured individuals went into the pockets of the City Board, who were thus bribed and bought to legalize this extraordinary substitute for our underground railway.

THE BROOKLYN SUSPENSION BRIDGE

connects New York with Brooklyn, which is a city with half-a-million of inhabitants, divided from the empire city only by East River. It was opened in 1883, and is the most stupendous erection of its kind in the world. It is 2,000 yards, or approaching one mile and a half in length, and is 135 feet above high water mark. The stone towers which carry the chains are 268 feet in height, and the

space between them is 1,600 feet. The cost of the bridge has been seventeen millions of dollars. The view over the harbour and city from it is magnificent, and everyone who goes to New York should certainly walk the whole distance across it one way, as I did. It leads to, amongst other places, Coney Island, and to the beautiful

GREENWOOD CEMETERY,

upon which, however, I must not delay. But I may mention here that the American cemeteries are quite unlike those of any other part of the world. I visited six or seven of the most celebrated of them in different States, and they are kept with the utmost neatness and are strikingly beautiful. Often times they are so thickly planted as almost to be forests. In their glades are beds of flowers, lakes, and fountains, while their vistas are contrived to give glimpses of blue sea or sparkling river; and statues, monuments, and mausoleums (on which immense sums have evidently been expended) are partly revealed, partly hidden by the trees, and form a picturesque combination that makes one almost in love with easeful death.

NEW YORK TO MONTREAL.

But the rapidity with which the pages multiply warns me that I must be more concise in my descriptions, and that I must hasten on by a more general description of my route. The great reason that decided me to make this tour in America was (as some of you will know) that I might join the British Association meetings at Montreal. I made my way to that city by the river Hudson, and by lakes George and Champlain, taking *en route* a little peep of Saratoga, of the Adirondack mountains, and that wonderfully weird and unique river-gorge known as the Ausable Chasm—the delight of geologists. This route comprises, I suppose, some of the most picturesque scenery of Eastern America. The Hudson is a magnificent full-flowing stream, and the first forty miles or so from New York it runs between strange basaltic precipices of lofty and imposing character. And further up are frequent private residences and lawns, and rich fruit farms. But before long it grows tame and is vulgarized by a competing railway that runs on either bank close to the water's edge, and by huge ugly square block buildings, inexplicable at first, but explained to me as the ice reservoirs of New York. Even the size of the stream militates against its picturesqueness, because it renders it difficult to combine its two banks into one picture, so that as a whole I do not consider it is to be named with the Rhine, or Neckar, or Rhône, or even in refined scenic beauty with our English Wye or Tamar.

AMERICAN V. ENGLISH SCENERY.

Lake George is certainly charming, its shores winding, deeply indented, and abounding in lovely surprises. Its lake-side inns, too, are delightful residences, giving life and variety to the forest fastnesses, yet calmly sleeping as it were on the brim of the blue and sunny water, while behind them rise lofty peaks, covered to the summit with white oak, sugar maples, broad-leaved bass, and shining hickory. It seems a crime to depreciate it, or make comparisons between it and other happy scenes. But if one must do so and express a deliberate opinion, then I say that I give the preference to our English and Scotch lakes, and add (not to touch upon the topic again) that with the single exception of the Rocky Mountains, I saw no scenery in America which, as scenery, and for quiet intense beauty, stealing into the heart, chastening the taste, and elevating the spirit of the man who dwells among it, is to be compared with the combinations of lake and river, and wood and mountain, and rock and greensward, and moor and ocean, to be found in our own, our favoured land. I write this after seeing the grand St. Lawrence and the Thousand Islands; and Lake Memphremagog, which some Americans rave about; and Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior; and the Mississippi, at St. Pauls; and the scenery about Harper's Ferry; and after seeing, too, parts of Virginia, where nature is certainly charming; and after staying amidst the deep-delled Alleghany mountains. Yet do not mistake me—where there is wood and river, mountain and lake, sea and sky, light and shadow, there must be beauty, there must be lovely and heart-contenting pictures. And this America has upon a large scale. But it has not that quintessence and distilled perfection of landscape beauty which is to be found in England and Italy, in Switzerland and the Tyrol.—Again, its towns are rectangular, "samey," new, and uninteresting, as compared with the great variety and individualizing associations and characteristics of many of our ancient boroughs. Further it has no Windsor Castle, no Chatsworth, no Berkeley or Warwick Castle, no Alton Towers. Nor can it show the traveller the broad ancestral parks, adorned with immemorial oaks, or any counterpart of those mansions of county gentlemen that dot over at frequent intervals every English shire. What a loss does this one sentence indicate. But this is not all. You must take away further our Tintern, our Melrose Abbey, our Furness Abbey, and twenty other such storied ruins. You must imagine a land without our cathedrals and minsters, and our hundreds of gray-grown parish churches with their tuneful bells. I do not remember a church tower or peal of bells in all America! I think they are all spires and single,

clanging bells. You must imagine too a land that knows nothing of the British barrow, or the Roman Camp, or the other hoar antiquities of our island. After doing this you will not wonder if the Englishmen should not deem the United States or Canada so interesting or so picturesque a land to travel in as his own, though he will most freely acknowledge the greatness of the country, and the beauty, and even sublimity of many of its scenes.

FESTIVITIES AT MONTREAL.

I shall spare you any account of the association meetings at Montreal, beyond saying that they were well attended, and that the Canadians received us with most kindly and generous welcome. During the eight or nine days we were in the city, three of the leading citizens of Montreal extended to us invitations to garden parties and "at homes;" the municipality gave a splendid ball, and the Governor General of Canada a *conversazione* and reception, at which I had the honour of being presented. The national game of La Crosse was also played before us; the libraries, clubs, and art galleries were thrown open to us freely; and an exhibition of the fire engine and life-saving apparatus of Montreal was made for our instruction.

CANADIAN FIRE BRIGADES.

Everyone has heard of the destructive fire of Chicago, and has read again and again of conflagrations in the American cities which destroy almost acres of houses. The reason why those fires, relatively with similar outbreaks in England, are so vastly more destructive is to be found in the fact that large numbers of the American houses are built of wood; so that when once a fire has made any headway it spreads with astonishing rapidity and fury. The counteracting result has been that the American Fire Brigades are much more important bodies, and are much more skilfully handled than in England. An illustration on this may not be out of place here. I will read then from a journal that I kept in America a short entry of a display of the firemen at Montreal, and follow it by the narration of an amusing experience which I had at Ottawa. To the better understanding of these entries I should premise that in all the cities of America boxes with glass fronts are let into walls (as pillar boxes may be with us) at convenient stations and distances. On an alarm of fire some one runs to the nearest box, breaks the glass, and simultaneously an alarm is given by electricity to every fire station in the town, whether they number twenty or one hundred. [Mr. France proceeded to read from his journal a description of an alarm of fire given at Montreal, unknown to the

firemen, in order that the members of the British Association might see how the arrangements were carried out. In two-and-a-half minutes after the alarm the first engine was on the ground, and the last came up in eleven minutes, having been brought three miles, all uphill. The fire-escapes were also brought, and Mr. Prance mentioned a contrivance by which the ladders are easily manipulated in narrow or inconvenient places. Twenty engines came in answer to the summons. The lecturer went on to describe the Ottawa fire establishment, which is claimed to be the most perfect in the world. He was told that in 22 seconds after a fire alarm seven engines would be in the streets—that the electric shock not only effectually roused the firemen, but opened the stable door for the horse, and that the horse walked out and put himself between the shafts of the engine. (Laughter.) He at first thought that was rather a good American story, but was afterwards enabled to witness the effect of an alarm of which he gave an amusing account, and saw all that was claimed performed. The shock put in motion a simple contrivance by which the stable door was opened, and he saw the horse, which stands harnessed day and night, walk out and take his stand between the shafts, while the bed-clothes of the sleeping fireman were pulled off him, and he completed his dress at the engine, on which the remainder of his outfit was placed. Only 22 seconds was allowed the men from the time of the alarm to get the engine into the street, and at one station he was told that a hole was made in the bedroom floor and a brass column introduced so that the fireman might save time by slipping down the column instead of going downstairs—(laughter)—as the latter operation would make him lose his chance of reward for promptly reaching the scene of the fire.] The Lecturer then continued:—But we must return to Montreal, which, as being

THE CHIEF CITY IN CANADA,

deserves some detail. It was founded by a French religious colony in 1642, on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. It is built between two forks of the Ottawa river, where that stream empties itself into the St. Lawrence, and its site is thus a triangular island, which rises from the banks of the larger river in a gradual ascent of 700 feet to the summit of a hill called Mount Royal, which gives name to the city itself. This mountain is clothed with a glorious wood, diversified by rocks and precipices, and has been turned into a public park and cemetery. View terraces have been erected upon it which show the city and the river nestling at its

immediate foot, and wide-away panoramas, over forest, and prairie, and mountain range behind mountain range, stretching to the far Adirondacks. This mountain, with its crown of wood, is indisputably the chief beauty and characteristic of Montreal. The other is its magnificent river (with the Isle St. Helens in its mid-stream), covered with huge ocean liners from the various European ports, and with the river steamers, sailing vessels, and the wood barges of Canada and the United States. The St. Lawrence is 1,600 miles long. As to its breadth, it varies for some distance above Montreal down to Quebec from one mile to two-and-a-half miles. Below Quebec it expands, and thence to the gulf it varies from 10 to 35 miles in width, and during the whole of that distance it is 30 feet deep and upwards, so that ships of the largest burden can sail the whole 1,000 miles from the Atlantic to Montreal. Its favourable position for commerce and the public spirit of its inhabitants have made it a very busy and increasing place. At its last census the population was nearly 145,000, of whom 78,000 were of French and 29,000 of Irish origin. The exports in 1883 were of the total value of 27 million dollars, and the imports nearly 44 million dollars. There are the usual squares and public buildings, and a most unusual number of churches. They meet you at every turn, and I think it was at Montreal that, returning thanks for his health being proposed, Mark Twain or some other American humorist remarked "That he never was in a town before where he could not fling half a brick without breaking a church window." The Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame is the most imposing of these sacred edifices, but we must not delay upon them. The Windsor Hotel should be named as delightful in its comfort and magnificent in its structure and equipment. And there are two excursions always made from Montreal which I must also speak of. These are to the Victoria Bridge and to the Lachine Rapids. The bridge carries the Grand Trunk Railway across the St. Lawrence. It was built by Brassey and Peto, on the plans of Stephenson, and is considered a great triumph of engineering skill. The difficulties to be overcome were not only the depth and current of the stream, but its great breadth, the contractile and expanding quality of iron under the extreme variations of temperature it would be here exposed to, and the enormous pressure of the ice on the breaking up of the winter frost. This last is cleverly met by the, as it were, wedge-like shape of the piers up stream, many faced with steel, which causes the ice to break asunder and glide aside. It is 9,184 feet in length, and the railway is conveyed in 25 tubes of wrought boiler plate iron, sixteen feet broad and curiously and scientifically bolted together, but with a

certain play so as to allow for the expansion and contraction of the metal in the extremes of summer heat and winter cold. These tubes are supported by 24 piers. The centre span is 330 feet; all the others 242 feet. We had a little pamphlet on the bridge given to us, and one of the most curious calculations in it may give you an idea of the magnitude of this enterprise. It is that the parts painted had to be gone over with four coats, and so painted represented a superficies equal to 120 acres.

I went through

THE LACHINE RAPIDS

twice. They are beautiful, but hardly dangerous. Rocks in the stream, and a tortuous channel, and a very uneven bottom, cause the St. Lawrence for half-a-mile at this place to be practically unnavigable. The river traffic is carried on by a canal cut alongside. An Indian, a specially powerful man and skilful pilot, is engaged for the steamer that does take excursionists through them by a passage a few yards wide, between foam-surrounded reefs. Knack and practice and his strong arm on the rudder, assisted by three other men, make it safe. But the inexperienced traveller fancies once and again that the vessel is going head on against the rocks he sees before her bows, and he can see too that in such case she will be splintered into fragments. He knows not that the pilot heads her precisely for the rock, aware that the force of the current will at the exact instant turn her from it, and that if he did not thus just scrape the rock on the north he would be carried full butt on another rock at the south. The whirlpools, the waters rushing upwards against the current, the beautiful green colour of the stream, its white crested waves, and the showers of spray that come dashing over the vessel's prow as she plunges forward, joined to the rapidity of the motion and the little tremour of insecurity, combine to make the excursion agreeable, and the novel experience pleasant. But old travellers spoke of it as something awful and death tempting, and made a great deal more of the passage than it deserves. Probably in a rowing boat it would be more exciting. The verses in which a poet has described the scene are however so pretty that they will bear quotation. They run thus:

And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
Have felt a fearless tremour thro' the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
Holding our feathery bark in their control,
As the strong eagle holds an owl.

Another excursion I made was to Ottawa, and then to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, that I might take there the steamer, and come down through the well-known

THOUSAND ISLANDS.

They dot over the face of the St. Lawrence (where it is about eight miles broad) for a distance of 35 miles, and I believe are, large and small, nearly 1,200 in number. Some of them are mere bare rocks, others have a few trees on them. Some are covered with trees, whose branches almost dip into the stream. Others again are quite large, and are diversified by cottages, hotels, and bright villas. Yet others are monopolized by one man, with his mansion, boat-house, bathing-house, and summer-houses, flying national flags, and painted in gaudy colours. Anyone who has seen the islands on Windermere, or Loch Lomond, can imagine that these islands (like groups and clumps, or scattered forest trees in a park), with vistas between them of singularly blue and sunny water, make a series of charming pictures, and they must be pleasant enough to live among, and boat among, and visit about in during the hot summer months. At the same time I did not go into the extravagant ecstasies which the Canadians apparently expected to hear from me; and comparing them with the Islands of Loch Lomond, I remark that, with the same general effects, one misses any counterpart to the frowning and overhanging mass of Great Ben Lomond. While I was making Montreal my head-quarters, and before the British Association meetings began, I made a visit to

QUEBEC,

with its interesting associations, its Falls of Montmorency, and its falls and Indian village of Lorette. Quebec, washed by two rivers, and dominated by Duffryn-terrace and the citadel which crown the precipitous cliff, up the more accessible side of which the city seems to scramble and pull itself by winding streets and steep flights of steps, is perhaps the most quaint, picturesque, and royally-placed town I saw in my travels. It is divided into the upper and lower town, the former being within the fortifications; and beyond the upper town again lies the citadel covering 40 acres of the top of Cape Diamond 320 feet above St. Lawrence. It is the strongest fortress on the continent, and has been often called "the Gibraltar of America." Quebec is still very largely French, and at every angle one comes on something queer, or old-fashioned, or interesting. But it is so well-known, and my paper grows so long, that I must leave it and its memories of Wolf and Montcalm, and hurry on to the

CANADIAN WATERING PLACES.

Driven from Quebec by the great heat (it was 92° in the shade) I ran off to the fashionable Canadian watering place, Cacouna, to Riviere de Loup, and to Tadousac, where I enjoyed the friendly society of the guests I met in the summer hotels of those places, and also some bathing, which was almost too cold, for the Labrador current sets along these shores. I may remark here that the Americans seem to go *en famille* to these summer hotels; that, occupying one large sitting room, and all breakfasting and dining at the same hour and in the same saloon, even strangers soon know each other and become good friends; inasmuch that at last every one knows every one, and the whole seem to make one large friendly family party. Again and again I was invited into their circle, and made welcome to join in their walks, picnics, readings, and evening games. I mention this as one of the hundred instances of the cordiality and friendship with which travellers from "the old country" (as they affectionately call England) are received. If I could only have stayed long enough in these hotels I should have made, I am persuaded, many life-long friends. But as I have discovered that one may vainly try to paint scenery or to make an audience picture it for themselves, I will attempt no description of these watering places, but read from my journal which I have already mentioned to you, the entries I made of a visit at Tadousac to a

SALMON HATCHING ESTABLISHMENT

there. As you all know Canada abounds in noble rivers, and in them salmon was plentiful; but by reckless and untimely destruction the fish had been so thinned that Government has thought it wise to propagate them artificially, and I think you will be interested in what I saw near Tadousac, where is once of these salmon hatcheries. [The lecturer proceeded to read a detailed account of the arrangements for salmon hatching, and followed the history of the fish from the egg to maturity. Hundreds of thousands of salmon were hatched there every year. Incidentally he stated, on the authority of the curator of the establishment, that salmon did not produce good eggs till they attained the age of seven years, but he added that the conversation in which this fact transpired was carried on chiefly in French, and he should be glad to be informed if he had been mistaken. The curator had told him there would be no difficulty in transporting impregnated eggs or small hatched fish to England, that the Canadian Government sold them, and he (the curator) would superintend the transit and start the experiment. The lecturer

thought it was surprising, considering that the eggs might thus easily and cheaply be conveyed to this country, that the Scotch lairds and other proprietors of fishing did not introduce salmon by this means into their waters.]

Mr. Prance then continued:—I accomplished while in this neighbourhood a voyage

UP THE SAGUENAY,

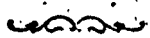
which is considered to present some of the most wild and savage river scenery of the continent. It was made widely known by the writer who so charmingly chronicled in "The Times" the doings of the Prince of Wales in his Canadian tour. It is the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence after the Ottawa, and flows in a deep, silent, dark brown stream some 500 miles. I followed it to Ha Ha Bay, about 200 miles, in the steamboat Saguenay, which has since been burnt. The most striking part of this river (and it is very fine) is at a point where its banks break back into a little bay, the two headlands of which are made by two gigantic, flat-faced, limestone cliffs, which rise sheer, and indeed somewhat leaning forward, 1,600 feet high out of the deep, dark, still and solemn waters which lie at their base. These precipices are appropriately named Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity. On the former, on a peak jutting out high in mid-air and seen for a considerable distance in both coming up and going down the Saguenay, stands a large statue of the Virgin Mary. As our vessel glided slowly before it, a little band of Canadian voyageurs on board went forward into the bow, and reverently, with bare heads, sang in unison a sweet hymn of praise to the sacred Mother, and a prayer for her protection from the perils of the sea. The air was singularly sweet and melancholy, and they told me it was 200 years old, and was one of the hymns of the Jesuit missionaries who first laboured amongst the North American Indians with their lives in their hands. Unexpected, musical and reverential, and in harmony with the solemnity and solitude of the place, it went straight to the heart, and the scene has since often risen before me as one of the most characteristic and poetical of my tour. There are some hundreds of these old French airs lingering in the memories of the Canadians, and at this moment an effort is being made to collect and preserve them in a handsome volume as our ancient ballads were treated by Ritson and Percy. Our *voyageurs* sang them in the cabin after nightfall for two hours, amidst the interest and applause of everyone on board. Many of them abounded in jokes and ludicrous situations, others had choruses or refrains in which we could all join. They were all in French.

These excursions brought me to the week of the British Association meetings, and, returning to Montreal, I attended them most diligently. But on their conclusion, I proceeded to

THE SECOND PART OF MY TOUR.

This I propose to continue and finish in a second paper, to be read next Tuesday evening in this place. It will comprise a description of the Saw Mills and Match and Bracket Manufactories at Ottawa; my visit to the Falls of Niagara; some remarks on Lake Superior and the country around it, and the religious denominations of Canada; on Manitoba and its capital, Winnipeg; on the Prairies; the North American Indians roaming over them; on Chicago, Washington, and the Eastern cities; and some general reflections on America, American agriculture, American politics, American emigration, and American society. If time allows, I propose to conclude with an outline of the life story of a self-made and successful man, with whom I met on my return voyage. With this promise of the future, and with many acknowledgments of the kind patience with which you have now heard me, I bid you for the present good-night. (Applause.)

Mr. New, at the close of the lecture, expressed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. France.



"MY AMERICAN NOTES."

SECOND LECTURE.

Mr. PRANCE delivered his second lecture on Tuesday night, December 3rd, in the Farmers and Merchants' Hall. The audience evinced great interest in the facts and opinions adduced, frequently applauding the lecturer. This was especially the case after the passage in which he recommended an effort on the part of the British farmer to obtain fair prices by refraining from unnecessarily flooding the markets through a "bogey" fear of foreign competition. Mr. Herbert New, president of the Institute, introduced the lecturer.

Mr. PRANCE said : Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, in resuming this evening the account of my recent tour in America, I may remind you that in my first paper I described my route to Montreal, referred to various excursions on the Lower St. Lawrence which I accomplished from that city, and mentioned that I returned to it in order to attend the meetings of the British Association. Those meetings being concluded I proceeded further west, passing through Ottawa and Toronto to the Falls of Niagara, and then by the Great Lakes and the Canadian and Pacific Railway to Winnipeg and across the Prairies to the Rocky Mountains before I turned my face homewards. It is to this second part of my tour that I this evening invite your attention.

WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF TREES.

In the journey to Ottawa I was made quite sad by the desolate appearance which the sides of the line continually presented. The trees were cut off some 3½ feet from the ground and the stumps left sticking up to there decay. This is a practice throughout America. By-and-bye I saw occasional fires. These stumps had been ignited, and smouldering and surrounded with ashes looked truly melancholy objects. In other cases the fire had spread to fine timber and to coppices adjoining, and the air was filled with heat and smoke. The railways always secure a great depth of frontage to their lines and recoup their expenditure in making them by subsequent sale of these frontages. But, as they rarely trouble themselves to cut the timber beyond such trees as might fall across the track and produce accidents, sparks from the engine frequently start a fire which sometimes travels for miles. The same result follows too often the carelessness of farmers who attempt to clear their land by the rough and ready method of burning. Two railways lead from Montreal to Ottawa, and lamenting these forest fires to a railway official he told me that if I had chosen the other route I should have passed through fire and smoke for twenty-three miles. He added, in confidence, that there was little doubt that sparks from the engines (they use wood fuel on many American lines which distributes showers of burning charcoal) had ignited some leaves during the recent dry weather, that the fire had been burning there for two months, had caught the peaty soil, and though they had employed 200 men fighting it and trying to turn it from the farmers' buildings, yet he doubted if it would be quite out till January, and that then it would be effected not by their efforts but by snow. This large destruction of trees (for I found it is proceeding everywhere in America) appears to me very short sighted and much to be condemned. It is not merely the waste of material which would in future days become valuable, but that continued in the wholesale and unreasoning manner which now obtains it is likely to have a most prejudicial effect on climate, to increase the cold, to rob the cultivated fields of a natural protection, the country of its finest ornament, and, worst of all, to diminish the rainfall, leading to consequences in the navigable streams, the irrigation supplies, and the drinking waters of the continent which may be of almost vital import.

OTTAWA.

I rode to the Russell House Hotel at Ottawa with a merchant who said he had lived in it forty years, and that when he first came there were only twenty families in

it, and that bears were hunted and killed where streets now run. It is to-day a city of 28,000 inhabitants, with numerous churches, fine streets, a public park, capital water works, schools, convents, and a remarkably extensive geological museum. But the glory of the place is the Parliament Buildings and Library. These occupy about five acres on a bluff that juts out over the Ottawa River, which, in a broad stream, flows far below at its base. It is a magnificent pile, consisting of a centre and two detached advancing wings, a well kept turf lawn with many careful carpet beds lying between them. The centre pile has a frontage of about 500 feet with a striking central tower 220 feet high. In this centre are the Houses of Parliament, consisting of entrance hall, corridors, a large chamber for the Senate, and one of equal size for the Commons. They are modelled somewhat after our Westminster Houses of Parliament. But each member has his table desk before him, with ink, and locker for his papers, &c. The Ministry and Opposition sit on opposite sides of the House, with the Governor-General and clerk's seat and table between them, as in England. There is an adjoining reading-room, writing-room, refreshment-room, smoking-room, &c. In the corridor outside are a number of compact presses with lock and key that hold the members' hats and coats. Also each member has his post letter-box. Both these things might be copied in England. The Senate consists of 78 members chosen by the Governor-General and his Privy Council, and the Commons of 211 members elected by the people every five years unless there is an earlier dissolution. Behind these Houses of Parliament, but connected with them, is the Public Library, a beautiful circular building much admired, with a marble statue of Queen Victoria in its centre. The wings right and left are given up to the public departments. Here the Governmental work of Canada is carried on, the Customs and Board of Trade, Post Office, Railways, Agriculture and Fisheries on the left; Finance, Justice and Inland Revenue on the right. At the extreme corner of the grounds are two summer houses commanding unequalled views of the Ottawa deep below, of the Chaudière Falls quite visible a mile away, a vast plain fertile and varied beyond, and the whole backed up by the Laurentian Mountains, while on the right is the Public Park separated from the Parliament precincts by a rugged but wooded chasm through which flows the Rideau Canal. The only drawback in this prospect is that the river is covered with sawdust and floating bits of wood drifting down from the immense saw mills above in such quantity as to accumulate into islands.

The saw mills, or "lumber works" as they are called, furnish the leading trade of the town, and as those at

Ottawa are not only interesting in themselves but amongst the largest on the Continent, and as the lumber trade constitutes a very distinctive industry and profitable export in America, I of course visited them carefully. I was so greatly struck with all I saw that I propose to read to you the entries I made in my journal not only as to the saw mills proper, but also as to the lucifer match and wooden bucket manufactories which form a part of the works, and which by the courtesy of Mr. E. B. Eddy, the proprietor, I was permitted to explore. [Mr. Prance proceeded to read a lucid description of the works in question, in which five thousand timber trees are cut up daily, the machinery being entirely driven by the power obtained from the Fall. Mr. Eddy, the proprietor of the vast concern, went to the place thirty-six years ago with two dollars capital. The lecturer mentioned among other interesting facts, which space will not allow us to repeat, that Bryant and May, the English match manufacturers, pay Mr. Eddy £100 a year each as royalty for a number of machines of his patent which they use in their business.]

AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

We reached Toronto (an Indian name signifying trees in the water) after a long, hot, and dusty journey, which was however relieved by their giving us tea *en route*. This was arranged in the baggage car, where we had a welcome and very respectable meal. The American system of each carriage connecting and communicating with every other permitted every traveller in his turn to get to the tea room while the train was in progress. I notice the incident as one of the reasons which finally led me to conclude that though it has its drawbacks, yet the American car system is on the whole preferable to our English separate compartments. The greater protection for ladies, the opportunity of finding and travelling with friends or with chance intelligent passengers, the greater facility for viewing the country, and the time saved in collecting tickets (for they are always examined before the train stops) are amongst my reasons for this preference.

TORONTO,

the capital of Ontario, is another example of the wonderfully rapid growth of towns in America. Fifty years ago it was a comparatively dull place with a population of 2,000. It is now a thriving, pushing, busy city, with a population above 103,000. It is said to have more influence on Canada at large than any other town in the dominion, and it impressed me that its chief buildings were Schools, and the Colleges of the different denominations or otherwise connected with

the spread of general learning, science and art; while its principal building "the University" is, with the exception of Harvard University, the most important on the American continent. Its day school education is thoroughly well carried out. It is noteworthy that the newspapers of Toronto are numerous and ably conducted. We all have seen the "Toronto Globe" and "Toronto Mail" quoted with respect in the London newspapers. Their ability and independence are widely influential and recognized, and it may be a debatable point whether the excellence of the press here has developed the city or the energy and intellectual character of the municipality developed the press. Probably both have acted and re-acted on each other. From the information I could gather I judge that Toronto might claim for itself the title of the Athens of the West. It is distinguished not only by its newspaper press, but by its intellectual activity in every form, by its large issues of illustrated and other periodicals, and by its serial issues and reprints of complete novels and standard publications. Amongst the native authors so published were very clever and readable books by Agnes Fleming, Eliza Dupuy, E. P. Roe and Edgar Fawcett; names heretofore quite unknown to me. I observed also cheap reprints of two of the works of your talented townswoman Mrs. Herbert Martin, but, was honest enough not to buy the pirated editions.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Toronto is situate on the edge of Lake Ontario, and by crossing that lake one easily reaches Lewistown and the Falls of Niagara. I adopted that route and visited every point of interest and vantage (both on the Canadian and American sides) which are usually seen by travellers. It is tempting to enlarge upon the theme; but the limits of my paper forbid this, and besides I will frankly acknowledge that though I had previously read fifty descriptions of the Falls by some of our most eminent writers, I had failed in obtaining any such idea either of their geographical features or their intrinsic grandeur as I obtained by a few hours actual contemplation. I cannot hope to succeed where so great men have failed. It will suffice here then to remind you that the Niagara River is the overflow of Lake Erie, rushing to form the Lake of Ontario by a course of 36 miles. Fourteen miles of this distance are below the Falls, and ten of these last are navigable, and form a lovely approach to this wonder of nature. In the remaining four, to the foot of the falls, the river is a continuous chain of rapids and whirlpools, in which Webb lost his life. I saw his wife selling photographs on the spot. Above the falls the river comes rushing, tossing, tumbling down the valley

with a width, as it appeared to me, of about six miles, and I am not sure but that this part of the scene is more impressive and instinct with resistless might than the Falls themselves. However this may be, as the green River in its immense foam-capped volume comes tearing down the valley it meets and embraces Goat's Island—an oval tree-covered islet with a circumference of about three miles. This parts the stream, and one portion goes to the left and takes its leap over the American Falls with a width of 1,200 feet, and an average height of 160 feet; the other and larger portion forms the Canadian or Horseshoe Fall, with a width of 2,400 feet and a height of 154 feet. The two falls are a short quarter of a mile apart, but can always be combined into one picture. The Canadian fall has a wider face, the larger quantity of water, the more varied and picturesque surroundings. But both are magnificent spectacles, glorified by constant irises, and as it is calculated that more than a million tons of water are precipitated into the seething abymes every hour, it goes without saying that the scene is one of overpowering sublimity. The thunder, the roar, the rush, the immense body and ponderosity of water, the continuity and fulness of its flow, the beautiful greenness of its colour, the billowing whiteness of its heaven-filling spray can disappoint not the most highly wrought expectations.

Yet perhaps Niagara will, after all, not be fully realised unless the visitor nerves himself as I did to descend into what is called "The Cave of the Winds." Divesting oneself of every particle of one's own dress, and clothed in a loose suit of flannel, one can follow a guide below and behind a portion of the American Fall; then emerging by a frail gallery into mid-stream can creep and struggle over slippery and gigantic rocks across the very face of the fall, at comparatively few yards from it. In one sense this is a disappointing transit, for during the whole expedition, so thick and blinding is the enveloping spray that one does not get even a transient glimpse of the cataract, although it thundered in one's ears so near that we could with difficulty hear the screaming directions of our guide. But in every other respect it surpasses description or imagination. For the passage is through a tossing cloud of spray, and amid a storm of drops that hit you like peas right and left, and back and fore, and up and down, and round and behind, so that in a few seconds you are streaming like a River God, and can barely see further before you than a yard. And while this goes on, and you are clutching the slight and slippery hand rail as for dear life, suddenly the air (rushing in, I suppose, to supply that beaten out by the headlong cataract) comes upon you in the guise of a violent spiral wind; and

comes too like the drops, from all sides at once, as if bent to take you off your feet, and as a dead leaf, suck you up into immensity. I never experienced, and I suppose never shall again experience, anything so overpowering and overwhelming. I carried from there, and shall carry to my grave, the memory of that unexampled half-hour, and—a scar from a wound I got there on my right great toe!

THE LAKES.

Returning to Toronto, I rejoined the party who were going to the Rocky Mountains, and by a long and tedious journey across the province of Ontario reached Owen Sound. This is a port in Georgian Bay, on Lake Huron. Thence by a large and Clyde-built steel steamer we sailed through Lake Huron, and through the connecting Channel of Sault St. Marie, and so reached Lake Superior. On the banks of the Island of Manitoulin, and in approaching the River St. Marie, where several pretty islands are scattered, and in the River St. Marie itself, which has a course of 60 miles and is the water link between the two lakes, we found some fine scenery. The Rapids at the Sault are also grand. But during a large portion of these voyages we were out of sight of land. In fact we were traversing immense inland seas. Huron is 260 miles long and 110 broad, and has a depth of 700 feet, and an area of 21,000 miles. Lake Superior is 460 miles long, and 170 broad, and is 800 feet deep. Its area is 31,000 square miles, considerably more than the area of all Scotland. The air is singularly bracing and healthful—I found invalids sent to its shores—the water beautifully blue, delicious to drink, and so transparent that it is possible to see the bottom at great depths. Longfellow has spoken of it as

" Those depths of unimagined crystal, where
The birch canoe seems hung in middle air."

This quality reminded me of the Lake of Geneva. We landed at Port Arthur, and there were to join a Pullman car train which the Canadian Pacific Company had liberally put at the disposal of a select party of the British Association, and which was thenceforward to be our home by day and by night for nine days.

PORT ARTHUR.

This town, now on the highway to prosperity, did not exist five or six years ago. It is every way so typical of the modern American town that I am tempted to read my journal notes of the day I spent there, the rather as they embrace some quotations of prices, and some details on the Church and religion which may not be without interest.

[Mr. France's notes comprised a detailed account of Port Arthur, its streets, public buildings, population, &c. As regards prices, he stated that they were considerably enhanced through the goods having to be carried six hundred miles. Referring to religion, he said the Church of England made less progress in that district than some other bodies because the members were less liberal in support of church work, and this circumstance was attributed to their being accustomed to the idea of the church as supported by the State.]

WINNIPEG.

Returning to my route. We again took the rail, and by another journey of 430 miles reached Winnipeg. The larger proportion of this route was through a wilderness of forest, scrub, rock and swamp. It is said to hold great mineral treasures, but seems unsuitable to agriculture, and is so little settled that probably in 400 miles distance there are barely 400 inhabitants, leaving out of the account the small settlement of Rat Portage, near which is the beautiful Lake of the Woods. At one of the stations I spoke to the man in charge. He said his nearest neighbour was seven miles off. A lively place to dwell in! But the railway had to be made through this inhospitable district, as a part of the Great Canadian Pacific Line, which—stretching, or rather intended to stretch, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—will rely on its through traffic for any dividend on its enormous outlay.

Of Winnipeg, where I stayed twice, I could say much as the capital and great distributing point of the Grain Provinces of Manitoba and Assiniboine. It is a busy thriving place, and its situation, at the confluence of the Red River, the Assiniboine River, and three systems of railway, joined to the natural *vis* of the race settled there, ensure for it a prosperous future. Its advances have been very rapid. Men are still of middle age who knew it as consisting of two houses and a few Indian tents. In 1870 it was a village of 750 people. It is to-day the capital of a province, the seat of legislature, and a city of 32,000 inhabitants, with an estimated assessment of thirty-three million dollars. It has a theatre, good hotels, several large flour mills, with admirable machinery, which I went over, fine stores and shops, clubs, newspapers, and is building a most imposing city hall. The Hudson Bay House is a solidly built and quite large building, with a most valuable and miscellaneous collection of goods, not only for home trade, but for barter

amongst the Indians and fur trappers. A very interesting Exhibition of local products, grain, vegetables, woods, skins, Indian curios, geological specimens, &c., was open in Knox Hall while we were there, and gave us a good insight into the productive power of the country. Some cabbage and other vegetables and some oats were finer than I remember to have seen at any show in England. The streets are lit by electricity, and are crossed by a multitude of telegraph and telephone wires. The use of the latter is greatly more common than in England, and the comfort of despatching your message and waiting your reply and rejoining upon that, and concluding the business at once, which I was able to do several times during my travels, made me feel it more than ever a serious misfortune and hindrance to England that our post-office (usually so enlightened and progressive) should look upon the telephone as a dangerous rival to their telegraph, though it undoubtedly is so.

TO THE ROCKIES.

We now struck off into the comparatively unknown North-West, and the first town we reached was Portage la Prairie. It can hardly be said to have existed three years. Yet it has now a population of 3,000, with churches, town hall, biscuit factory, large flour mills, and a fire brigade station, and is rapidly increasing. It is favoured by a very rich black loamy soil, and is the centre of the great wheat-growing plains of Manitoba. Situate within easy reach of Winnipeg, and at the junction of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway with the Canadian-Pacific, it presents many attractions to an intending emigrant. I shall speak of it again.

Passing Carberry we came to Brandon, a town of the size and character of Portage, created like it by the Canadian-Pacific Line, and helped by being located at its crossing of the great and trade-carrying river Assiniboine. Indian Head, 312 miles west of Winnipeg, and the site of the "Bell Farm;" Regina, with its mounted police barracks; and Calgary, 839 miles beyond Winnipeg, and the distributing point for the great cattle ranches of the west, followed in succession, all with points of interest and promise, and we finally reached Stephen and Laggan (about 1,000 miles), being the summit level of the Rockies, and where the line begins to descend towards the Pacific Ocean.

In two letters which I wrote from the Rockies, and which (as they appeared in the *Exeter Journal*) were probably seen by most of those whom I now have the pleasure of addressing, I gave a brief description of the

sublime and striking scenery of these mountains, and a detailed report of the farming in the great plain country that lies below them, as typified by the corn-growing operations of the "Bell Farm," and by the cattle-feeding farms in the grassy districts about Gladstone and Westbourne, in Manitoba. I will not, then, repeat these details, though I consider them of great importance to the English farmer and to the English landowner; but I shall in this connection presently touch on American agriculture, and on the opening that Canada and the States present to the English emigrant. Meantime we may say a few words on

THE PRAIRIE

itself, and on its original inhabitants.

We have all heard of the Prairie. The 1,000 miles journey above adverted to was largely passing through it. I was anxious to see what I had so often read and heard of, and you may be interested in having my description. The Prairie, then, differed from my expectation in three points.

First I had always understood the prairie grass to be a long waving reed-like grass some 2-feet high. There is some grass of this character, but it is found only in swampy places. As a rule it is comparatively short, say four to six inches high, and a great deal of it shorter than that. It is more like the brown commons of Dartmoor or Cumberland, or Scotland, where the heather is not growing. I do not at all mean our green close turf that you find say on Defford Common or Cleeve Hill. Our English grass hardly exists in Canada, but it is a brown, wiry, benty grass. This extends in a vast plain far as the eye can see. Often times there is not a bush, a tree, a hollow, a rock; just one limitless plain over which the blue sky bends, and at the far edge of which it falls, protecting round, as do the heavens at sea. On such a plain the whitening skull and bones of a dead buffalo are an object that at once catches and attracts the eye simply because it rises so above the dead level, and a farm building or a corn rick arrests the attention at ten miles distance. I can conceive nothing more depressing and monotonous than living in such a flat, and day after day seeing neither shadow or variety, nor hearing flutter of leaf or song of bird, for the prairie has only a few hawks, and in parts wild duck. Again it differed from my expectations in having so comparatively few flowers. The late autumn at which I came may have had something to do with this. But one has read the poetical and florid descriptions of American writers, and obtained the idea that there was on the prairie a wealth and profusion of flowers that was hardly to be met with anywhere else. I cannot think this

to be a true description, though some of the prairie roses (which are like our dog roses, only growing on stems six inches high) still lingered and though each botanist of our party was at every stop of the train busy in collecting specimens for his hortus siccus.

But the third difference was in its favour. I found the prairie much better agricultural land than I anticipated. Sheep indeed do not like the grass, but cattle do well on it, and its adaptability for the plough surpassed all my expectations. The soil, as I described in my letters to the *Exeter Journal*, is a rich black mould, mixed with a fine sand, and often is two, three, or four feet deep, and in exceptional cases ten feet, and yet more. The level character of the plain and the absence of roots and stones cause it to plough easily, and the friable nature of the soil yet further assists the farmer, so that one horse can perform many agricultural operations, and two suffice for the plough, I suppose, in all parts.

This will be the fitting place to introduce my

CONCLUSIONS ON AMERICAN AGRICULTURE,

and on the opening that continent offers to the intending emigrant. There are a few preliminary remarks to be made. "Mixed farming"—that is, the union of corn-growing and cattle-raising or dairying—is not usual. Indeed, there are only certain limited areas in which it is possible. These are found where sound corn land is mixed with swamp, and where consequently the long, heavy prairie grass, which cuts from eight to twelve ton to the acre, is to be obtained without irrigation or much labour. Such areas are to be bought around Manitoba Lake and in Alberta. Cattle-ranching, again, we may put out of consideration. It is found by experience that these ranches only succeed well where there are from 50,000 to 100,000 acres of grass, or even more, for the cattle to roam over; and where the cattle are equally numbered by thousands, and the adventure is conducted by a joint stock company. Once more, the making of butter, and the growing of barley, oats, and hay, are of small importance, and can only be wisely undertaken for personal use and consumption, not for sale. To my surprise, I saw large stacks of hay left to rot comparatively near to railway stations, and heard of other instances where it was compressed and used to build stables and sheds rather than be absolutely wasted. It therefore follows that we are to-night in effect shut up to the consideration of the profits to be made out of a corn-growing farm.

Now the soil, as we have seen, is excellent. But the farming of America is poor, slovenly, and starved by the want of buildings and capital. The result is that the wheat plant is short in the straw, small in the head and poor in cast. The average wheat crop of America, including Canada, I am persuaded, is not above 3 quarters, or 24 bushels to the acre—in the old states it is much less, say nearer 12 bushels to the acre. This crop is got very easily. There is no manure carted out, no weeding employed. The expense, therefore, is strictly confined to the ploughing, seeding, harvesting, threshing, and marketing. I made many enquiries as to these expenses, and as an average I found that the expenses of ploughing and seeding might be put at 7 dollars an acre; of harvesting and threshing (including hire of machine) at about 2 dollars an acre; and that taxes, wear and tear, haulage to the railway, interest on capital, &c., would vary from 3 to 5 dollars, say 13 or 14 dollars in the whole. I consider this estimate low. Further, I found that the American and Canadian farmer wished to consider the normal or proper price of wheat to be a dollar the bushel. This on his crop of 24 bushels per acre would give him, of course, 24 dollars, and deducting expenses, 14 dollars, would leave him less than half as profit, or say £2 an acre. This presupposes that he does grow 24 bushels an acre. A man with two or three hundred acres in wheat, living in a wilderness, and having no expensive tastes or even opportunity of spending money, would consider himself, with this profit, very well off, and reasonably so. But during the last year or two a change has come over the scene, which is equally worthy of the serious notice of the English landowner, the English farmer, and the intending emigrant. The dollar per bushel is no longer got by the American or Canadian farmer for his wheat. I spoke to some few producers, who were energetic and early, and who had disposed of their wheat to local millers, while the last year's stock had run out and this year's produce had not come in, and these got 85 cents or 80 cents the bushel. But I spoke to others who were later, and who could not get 60 cents, and before I left men were complaining that they were offered 50 cents, and that the markets had unfairly and persistently been forced down. Now growers in Canada are very largely in the hands of a single dealer. They must deliver at the one given station which is nearest to them on the railway. There the buyer is one person, who owns the elevator, or grain store. To him they are virtually confined, and I am assured that the corn now sold in England at 32s. and 33s. the quarter is corn that has been bought, under circumstances I have described at half a dollar the bushel in Canada and the grain states of America. But this means that the

farmer, even on my extra favourable suppositions of large crop and low outgoings, is selling at just what his crop has cost him, with no remuneration on his own labours, and probably at a loss. This will not go on. It is hard to be sure of statistics, but I was told the American farmers have found that the game is not worth the candle, and that many of them, particularly in old settled states and on exhausted land, have given up corn-growing. I heard of the Dalrymple and other large grain farms in Dakota and Minnesota either abandoned, or where unprincipled speculators are trying to take in unwary emigrants by selling to them 160 acre blocks out of their immense holdings as "improved lands" which they themselves know to be worked out. And I have seen printed reports showing that in America in 1882 less acreage was under cultivation in wheat than in 1881, and again less in 1883 than in 1882. Canadians spoke to me in the same sense, and said that rather than sell at so unremunerative prices they were burning their wheat as fuel, in place of coal or wood, which in some districts are not easily obtained. One man told me he had run a steam engine on wheat for six weeks. It paid him better to do so than take the low price the grain speculator had beaten his neighbours down to. All agreed that 50 cents a bushel for wheat would not pay the individual and small farmers, whatever might be the case with large companies like the Bell Farm.

There are three other points which bear on the future of the price of wheat in England. They are :

1. That almost every farmer I spoke with, who had been six or seven years in the country, agreed that the land would not go on for ever growing wheat without manure. They referred to the short head and comparatively small yield per acre of American wheat, as compared with our English produce, as evidence of this, and stated that they could year by year see the return becoming less, and the land, as it were, ruthely appealing to be fed. It is only natural and what we might expect. But as I heard even Canadian professors in an agricultural college give diametrically opposite teaching, and as they are quoted in the hand-books distributed to emigrants, I deem it wise to refer to the witness given to me.

2. Squitch and other weeds are beginning to grow, and these same experienced farmers told me the time was rapidly approaching when hoeing and weeding would be a necessary part of spring farming. Others contemplated the loss of a crop. Their idea was to plough in the weeds in spring, and

bare fallow through the year, thus giving time for them to rot. This weed-growing, too, we might expect from our own lengthened experience. The Prairie contains nothing but annual weeds and grass; these, turned in and rotted down, make a manure, and leave the ground clean. So it is with our own lands. Break up an old turf, there will be comparatively no weeds and little hoeing required for four or five years. But after that all our pests and enemies begin to show themselves, and the hoe to be an imperative necessity. Well, when once manure requires to be steadily applied, expensive buildings must be erected for its manufacture, and carting and hoeing with American wages will be so heavy additional outgoings that the cheap days of corn production will be at an end.

3. The railways at present hold, roughly speaking, half the land that is for sale. It is their interest to sell in order to get settlers and to create traffic. They now carry wheat at ridiculously low freight. Whether this cheap carriage will continue when they have sold their land is a problem, and is for the emigrants' consideration; but it is a distant one.

And now I put a new and unexpected question to our larger and more intelligent agriculturists. Why do you not, by lectures, leagues, or other means, enlighten those ignorant and impecunious confrères of yours who will insist on underselling all the world and giving away their wheat at 4s. the bushel? It is not the foreigner, but you English farmers, who rule the grain markets. For five years past you have undersold the Americans. They, to realise their harvests, have lost millions of pounds sterling, and have been compelled by the low prices you accepted to sell at half what the corn cost them to grow. As a result 1883 saw their breadth of corn land reduced, and the trade organs say that in 1884 it is further reduced 20 per cent. In 1883 you set yourselves to undersell India and Australia. You did so with the result that the Indian grain merchants were bankrupts by the score, the construction of Indian railways has been stayed, and the export of corn this year has fallen off about one half. Now, finally, you set yourselves to ruin your own kith and kin, these Canadian emigrants, and by selling your wheat at 32s. a quarter compel them to sell theirs at half price. Do you wish to put their land also out of cultivation? Is it wise to yourselves? Is it honest to do it out of your landlords' pockets? A bogey fear of "the foreigner" has cost English farmers millions during the last ten years, and half ruined the landowners. What is wanted is not an impossible fair trade; not the best corn land of the world turned into,

poor pasture; but more put into the arable, more got out of it, and an union of farmers strong enough to insist on Fair Prices.

But now to sum up and close this part of my paper. If I am asked as to

THE PROPRIETY OF EMIGRATION

I would say that I think if a man will work as hard, spend as little, and deny himself as much in England as in America, he will do as well here as there. The only thing is that there is more temptation, more distraction here, and that men will not live and work and practice self-denial as they do abroad, and think it no shame to do. The farmer is there in his shirt sleeves and his heavy boots all day long working with his men, living with his men, eating with his men, sleeping in the same house; with no wine, no beer, no fine clothes, no fast nag, tea his drink, tobacco his one luxury. A hardy, healthy man, with a little knowledge of masonry, carpentry, and of the blacksmith's craft, able to turn his hand to anything, and to make the best of everything, especially if he has half-a-dozen stalwart sons, will assuredly do better than he would do with all his endeavours in England, and would earn for himself an ample competence, and be likely to live to see those sons men of mark and position. And a man who could go out with from £1,000 to £2,000 of available capital would probably do more with it by far than he could do in England, and find that it would spare him a good deal of the toil I have sketched out for his less fortunate predecessor. Both these classes would do well. The idle fellow will not do, and the working fellow should have at least £300 of capital, or he will find that he has entered on a very uphill race. Pluck, no rent, a grateful and rich soil, and self-denial will pull even him through who goes out with no capital at all but strong hands and will; but he will often have to stand still weary and winded before he can finally rest himself with the plateau of competence achieved. If I was asked

WHERE THE EMIGRANTS SHOULD GO,

I should reply to Canada rather than to the United States, and give a little more for your land, and be near civilization, rather than get a cheap grant and be banished into the wilderness. Portage la Prairie struck me as being the locality that on the whole presented most advantages. But the district around Gladstone has points of great weight in its favour, which, however, I cannot go into here. I have discussed this part of my paper at some length, for I went to America to look into it, and took much trouble on

the subject. Besides, at this time, every small contribution of information upon it (and I do not pretend that this paper is more than a small contribution) is useful to the English landowner and farmer.

As to,

THE NATIVE INHABITANTS OF THE PRAIRIE,

they were the North American Indians with whom Cooper's novels made us so familiar. Less than twenty years ago they roamed undisputed masters of these plains, and any white man went the journey I now so easily and rapidly accomplished in an ox wagon, tediously toiling over the plains with his life in his hands. Our Government, so to speak, bought up their rights from these Indians by a series of treaties—ten I think in all. By these conventions certain lands which are called "the reserves" were set apart for them. Here they may live, and hunt and multiply. But as a fact game gets very scarce and live on it they cannot. This was foreseen, and Government undertook to provide them with rations and headmoney. Every Indian is therefore registered. Officers are appointed at stated places and intervals, and to these officers messengers from the Indians come and take back to each settlement so much a head per month per man of money, blankets, tobacco, and certain other things. It is a most serious offence to sell intoxicating liquor to an Indian, and a mounted police-force finds one of its chief duties in seeing that this law is not infringed. Government has, of course, been most strict and punctual in carrying out its engagements, and the Indians have stuck faithfully to their bargain, sometimes under trying circumstances of famine, and are now becoming a contented and peaceful race, though they still hate hard work, and very few of them do even a little husbandry. I saw several Indians who had in their day, and not so long ago, scalped men; and after a fashion (for he spoke little English) talked with Crowfoot, one of their great chiefs, and brought home with me the end of one of his long greasy black elf locks, and acquired a brass bracelet at ten times its worth from the arm of his chief squaw, a by no means enticing individual. I saw Indians of five different races, and they differ much from each other in personal appearance. Some are large, well-grown men, with fine aquiline noses, and a free and fearless carriage. But other tribes are shorter and with snub noses and broad flat lips; yet nearly all with a dark brown and rather almond-shaped eye. I had opportunity on three or four occasions to see them in their tents and to creep inside them. They are circular, like those of the Laplanders; the fire is made on the earth in the centre, and the smoke finds its way out at the top. The Indians, men, women and

children, lie around them head to heels, with two or three dogs in between. The real Indian wigwam is made of wide strips of birch bark cleverly pinned together with wooden skewers, and wrapped round high poles raised in a very conical form. They make baskets, cradles, their canoes, &c., out of the bark of the same tree. But the "noble savage" is becoming sophisticated. We saw few of these veritable and antique huts. They have found out that our stout sail cloth is more easily transported from place to place, more easily spread and better keeps out the rain. Consequently most of them now use sail cloth. The women paint their faces, particularly on the cheek bones and under their eyes, with red ochre in very coarse fashion; and also the line of parting of the hair down the skull, which has a singular effect. They all wear blankets, some grey, but mostly scarlet or other gaudy colour. They fling the blanket over the shoulder and wrap it round the breast with somewhat of a Spanish and grand air, not without dignity. As a rule, however, there is little enough of either dignity or cleanliness about them. Woman and man alike wear trousers and long hair, so that it was frequently a matter of doubt and discussion with us whether a given individual was a young man or a woman. The women ride astride on horseback, which increased the difficulty of deciding correctly. They all seem to possess horses, to ride well, and to be fond of it. And they look well, too, careering across the plain with hair and blanket flowing behind them. On one occasion an effort was made to collect a goodly troop for our inspection, and they came riding in from all directions got up in their war paint. The chief officers of Crowfoot were clad in smart but absurd costumes, one sporting a scarlet coat, and his bridle rein being decorated with depending tails of horses. They do not seem to use carts, but a curious arrangement of two long sticks, say twenty feet long, tied on each side the horse and dragging on the ground behind him. On this they carry their children tightly strapped. But they also fasten rather heavy burdens. Some of our party bought their ear-rings from their ears, their moccasins from their feet, bracelets from their arms, and their necklaces made of beads or the teeth of bears. The medicine bags and tobacco pouches worked with beads were also coveted and obtained. One gentleman was so fortunate as to secure a formidable war club, consisting of a heavy polished egg-shaped stone, fastened with sinews of the buffalo to the end of a stiff cane, the handle being decorated with three scalps and feathers. They are very particular and jealous as to allowing their braves to wear or display scalps, and no one can carry them who has not himself secured them by the murder, or slaughter in battle, of his enemies.

JOURNEY HOME.

And now having recrossed the Prairie to Winnipeg, I passed into Southern Manitoba, and at Niohe re-entered the United States, and the province of Dakota—another limitless corn-growing plain. My journey thenceforward was through parts better known, and can therefore be rapidly dismissed. For following the rail by Fargo and Minneapolis, I struck the Valley of the Mississippi and the city of St. Paul, and so on by the picturesque route of Milwaukee to Chicago. There one saw palatial hotels, grand shops, unequalled public buildings, boulevards that rival those of Paris, a commerce-bearing river and lake, half-a-dozen parks, and (what they seem to be more proud of than anything else) the stock yards, covering acres of ground, and the cattle shooting, pig slaughtering and pork-preparing establishment of Armour and Co., where some 5,000 animals a day are despatched, out up, and packed, and above 3,000 workmen employed. Passing thence through Ohio and Virginia I crossed the Alleghany Mountains by a wonderfully engineered line that seemed to be winding along the top of such hills as Matlock or Killiecrankie, and giving one startling glimpses into their watered valleys, some 800 feet below. I spent two days in their midst at a summer resort called Deer Park, and then, traversing the picturesque scenery of Harper's Ferry and many of the most hardly contested battle fields of the war of the secession, reached Washington. Of course, one visited there the White House, the Capitol, the museums, and the art galleries, and I made a pleasant excursion up the Potomac River to Mount Vernon, the estate of Washington, now bought by and preserved for the nation, where his house is still kept much in the state in which he used it. There I saw the very bed he died in, and the tomb in which he is buried with his wife. It is the pilgrimage shrine of America. Then I went on to Baltimore, and to Philadelphia, with its many noble buildings, unequalled park, Independence Hall, and the grave of Benjamin Franklin and his wife, and thence to Boston, with its many and interesting memories, its Bunker's Hill, its Common, its State House, Chestnut-street, and Museum. Boston in many respects is to an Englishman one of the most enjoyable cities of the Union. Nor did I fail to visit Cambridge and its well-known Harvard University, with grand halls, schools and chapel, and the Mount Auburn Cemetery with the tombs of Longfellow, of Governor Winthrop, John Adams, and many others. A pretty country, and an express train, which they claim to be faster than any in England, brought me back to New York, from which I had started. There joining the same ship, the America, in which I had come out, she brought me safely back to Liverpool in some hours

under the week, the whole journey having been accomplished without any accident, or illness, or loss of luggage, or annoyance of any kind whatever. And now

A FEW GENERAL WORDS

and I will close this paper. I would say then that there is no question that the United States and Canada are unmistakably great and growing countries. The States have got the start, and are of course the richest, the more peopled, the more settled, and more stable of the two. But there is a great future for both. The rich and wide tracts of land still to be had for a mere trifle, the magnificent rivers navigable for 1,500 miles, the abundance of water power, the wide diffusion of coal and of metals, the grand system of railways already existing and planned, and finally a settled climate and the energy, "go," and steadfast determination of the Anglo-Saxon race pervading the whole, make it certain and assured that these countries will yet further increase and prosper. They are at present but as children, who have to grow up and will grow up into giants. In both countries there are attractions; in both are drawbacks. There is no Paradise anywhere. Canada has a long and severe winter. But America has the scorching and more insupportable summer. The unsettled parts of America are also daily getting further and further to the West. They are so remote that once there a man can scarcely hope to get back again. Canada, on the other hand, has a magnificent soil and is easily reached, and a holiday home can be made in the winter without much loss or interruption to business. Fortunes are made probably more quickly in the States, but they are also more quickly lost. And in either, whoever goes out as an agricultural emigrant, and means to succeed, must, as we have already said, go out determined to put up with many privations and to work long hours, and with all his might. All life is more rapid, more laborious in America than in England. I went into the steerage on my voyage home, and found working men and artisans returning, and saying the wages were better, but for the same amount of work they could earn more money in England, and as they got more for their money here, and more comfort as well, they were coming back again. The drinking, loafing, bar-haunting young man, whether gentle or simple, will do no better in the States or in Canada than at home. I was, therefore, not surprised to find a certain red-nosed individual calling America "a beastly hole, where a man could not get a drop of good gin, and was worked to death." But I was rather surprised to find some decent workmen complaining that the depression in American manufactures was greater than in England, and the difficulty of obtaining work in the winter there

(to which I have adverted in an earlier part of this paper) so great, that the skilled mechanic could, the year round, do best here. On the other hand I found three or four Swedes and Norwegians going home for a holiday, and to bring out relatives or friends in the spring. Trade unions and trade usages too seemed to me to press less hardly on the mechanic in America than in England. A man was freer to get work when it was to be had at all, and there is more equality, and, at all events more outward, community and consideration between masters and men than with us. I saw notices, for example, put up in mills worded thus: "The employées" (not men or workmen, you observe) "are requested not to spit on the floor," not to do this, that, and the other thing, "and so assist in preserving that well-deserved reputation for order and cleanliness which these mills have so long maintained." The workman too passes more rapidly into the position of a master himself, and the capable man seems in every position to come more easily to the fore.

The Canadians are intensely loyal. They have a great liking for England, and everything English, and the manner in which the health of the Queen and the Royal Family is given and received is always full of cordiality and enthusiasm. A large part of American society is distinguished by the same spirit. They are by nature frank, hospitable, and liberal, and always ready to do a kindly and friendly action. I think I was everywhere received more kindly because I was a stranger and an Englishman. Repeatedly it was insisted on that the two English-speaking nations were of the same stock and kindred and must always be friends; standing shoulder to shoulder against the world. And at three different times Southerners of education and position intimated to me that they would be glad if the Southern States could be grouped together as a kingdom under one of the sons of our Queen.

This friendly feeling is likely to increase and not diminish. The greater rapidity of steam voyages, the greater volume of trade between England and America, the greater influx of our literature, the greater interchange of pulpits, and the greater number of English tourists and better class settlers that every year brings with it, all mean and all tend to secure a more just mutual appreciation, more social and business connections. Thirty, probably twenty, years, will see the two countries so knit together that war will be suicidal and almost impious. Moreover, I persuade myself that I saw advances towards free trade in America, and that the day is not so very far distant in which it will be accepted. Mr. Cleveland's leanings as compared with

Mr. Blaine's are certainly in that direction. And it may be said broadly that the southern and western, in a word the agricultural states, all turn towards it. They are shrewd enough to perceive that the protective tariff levied on foreign goods only operates to put money into the pockets of the manufacturers of the eastern states, and causes those manufacturers to produce a worse article than they else would do, because by reason of prohibitory duties they can sell a poor article; the better foreign one being comparatively shut out. They see, too, that the duties are not required by the financial necessities of their Government, and that such English and European articles as they must have are enhanced in price without any necessity whatever. In a word the agricultural interest does not see why it should be sacrificed to the manufacturing, and the exact converse and contrast of the free trade struggle which went on in England some forty years since, seems to me just about to commence in the United States with augury of a similar victorious result.

This subject is connected with

THE POLITICS OF AMERICA.

The voters are divided, as we all know, into Republicans and Democrats. I asked twenty people what was the difference between them, for I had never been able to understand it in England. I did not get much enlightenment on the spot. When all was said it appeared to resolve itself into the explanation that the one party was in, and wanted to keep so; the other was out, and wanted to be in. At the time of the secession the difference was more marked; in fact, there was then a sharp and dividing question between them. The Democrats wished to secede and have a separate state; the Republicans, on the other hand, denied this liberty of secession to the separate states, and fought, as we all know, for one united community. The Southerners having given up their dream, this cause of division no longer exists; and it almost appears as if the nation were waiting for some great question to arise on which there shall be a necessity and reason for men to take sides and become active politicians. It is not impossible that free trade may be that coming question. Meantime I take it that the Republicans would call themselves the more constitutional and conservative portion of the country; and the newly-elected president, Mr. Cleveland, and his Democrats consider themselves more liberal and progressive.

This presidential contest was fought out, while I was in the States, with the greatest bitterness and the most profuse expenditure. The committee-rooms, the flags, the advertisements, the telegrams, the meetings, the uniforms, the bands, the torchlight and other processions, must have cost fabulous sums on each side. How much went in even more doubtful ways it is hard to imagine. I fear the political palm is far from clean there. Certainly the most influential and respectable newspapers of the country make the most serious charges against their public men and public bodies. It would seem as if the seats of justice themselves were overawed or bought, and that in the Army and Navy departments the Governmental Boards and the Municipal bodies speculation and corruption abound. That this is the case in New York is beyond dispute. How far this serious and deplorable condition of things is general in other cities is more doubtful. I trust it does not widely exist. But I confess that in connection with our extended Franchise I looked upon it with the gravest anxiety. Yet I found two sources of comfort. The first was the assurance that the voters were much more illiterate than I had supposed. I went to America thinking it a fully educated country, where every man could read and write. It is very much the reverse. The enfranchised negroes and the older and newer Irish and other emigrants are largely ignorant of these elementary accomplishments, and this ignorance permits them to be the easy dupes and tools of the professional wire pullers and politicians. My other comfort was the very existence of these last men. The educated, the wealthy portion of Americans citizens have withdrawn from the political arena. They have abdicated their position as the natural leaders of the people, and suffer them to be led by men who make a trade and a living of their leadership. A New York merchant said to me, "Yes, I know I am plundered of some hundred dollars a year in taxes not wanted or not expended, but while I was trying to set that right I should lose a thousand in my business." This feeling, and an unwillingness to be mixed up in the dirt and strife of politics, seem general, and it is this which allows the professional politician to be a possibility.

If one is not deceived in these impressions, the lessons an Englishman should learn are obvious. He should press forward the education of our people without stint, pause, or delay. He should himself take an earnest part in every political movement. In the same proportion as he is educated, experienced, wealthy, leisured, does this claim, this responsibility of citizenship weigh upon him. I speak not to one political side, but to both. If the natural leaders

and guides of the people abdicate the position, who can wonder if the people go astray. If the captains and officers of the ship of State leave her to drift, who can wonder if she gets on the rocks, or is seized by pirates, who plunder and despoil her for their private ends. This lesson I deem the most important I learned in America, and I humbly offer it to you. As merely travelling, and hastily travelling through the country, I know how small can have been my insight into some of the subjects I have raised in this lecture; how liable one is to mistakes and misconception. And I must disclaim once for all the position of an infallible judge or the idea of speaking *ex cathedra*. Specially must this be the case now I come to touch on

THE PRIVATE SOCIAL LIFE OF AMERICA.

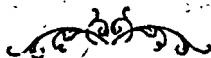
It seemed to me then that men do not retire from business as they do in England. They may change their occupation to some extent, and diminish the time they give to it. But they continue to live in the city and to share in its pursuits and speculations. I have already adverted to the fact that one sees so few parks and country seats in passing through the States. Our familiar and best type of the English gentleman hardly seems to exist. I mean where a man having made or inherited a fortune and position retires to a large house in the country, and living in easy affluence and liberal style, gives up his days to the duties of the magistrates' bench, to the poor law board-room, to the hospitals and schools of his district, to the comforts and well-being of his cottagers, and the improvement of his estate. There is an absence, as it seems to me, of a leisured, lettered, landed class. In American society generally there is a nameless something wanting, even as the land itself and its cities lack a finish, a polish, à *je ne sais quoi*. I am of course open to the reply that I did not see the best American society. Perhaps it is a sufficient one.

CONCLUSION.

To conclude, although many will find their advantage in emigrating, I confess that I prefer the ways, the manners, the society, the roads, the distances, the general *agrément*s of England, and am not tempted to remove from "my own little, right little, tight little island." But this is the natural feeling of a man advanced in life, and need not damp the enterprise of any of those many intelligent and aspiring young men I here see before me. To them and to

all I tender my best acknowledgments for the kind attention with which you have listened to my papers.

Alderman HAYNES moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Prance for his interesting lecture, at the same time expressing pleasure at his safe return from America.—In seconding the motion, the Rev. M. S. DUNBAR said they must have noticed that the lecturer had been very observant during his travels, and they were very grateful to him for giving them the result of his observations.—The vote was accorded by acclamation, and Mr. New having formally conveyed it to the Lecturer, the proceedings closed.



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